



VOL. XV.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

SIXTEENTH SHOW AND FAIR OF THE

Kennebec County Agricultural Society.

Last Wednesday and Thursday were the days in which the Annual Show and Fair of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society were held. The first day opened with a violent storm of rain and wind—regular built southeaster, which had kept up the disturbance of the elements all the night previous, and deluged the earth with a powerful flood. This, of course, was rather a damper to the arrangements of a Cattle Show, and as the men and cattle ventured out, they looked rather water-logged as they picked their way through the mud to the show ground. This was a beautiful elevated plain, east of the village at Hallowell Cross Roads, belonging to Mr. Sampson of that place, and was well arranged with suitable pens and fixtures for the occasion.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon the rain ceased, and, although the travelling was excessively bad, yet there arrived before noon a goodly lot of cattle, which made, after all, a very good show, indeed. There would have been two or three hundred more on the ground, and two or three thousand more people present, had the weather been pleasant.

In the cattle department we noticed some very fine Durhams, both thoroughbred and grades. The greatest array of real, no-mistake thoroughbred, herd-book Durhams, was exhibited by our friend Jesse Wadsworth, of Livermore. His stock of cows and calves are very fine, and will become the progenitors of some as good Durhams as can be found in New England. They were derived from the herd of P. Lathrop, Esq., of Springfield, Mass. Mr. Wadsworth also exhibited a herd of eighteen or twenty head, including the above, which were very fine. His five years old grade bull is an excellent animal.

Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell, also exhibited a fine lot of stock, of twenty-seven head, of thoroughbred Durhams and grades. His full blood bull, which took a premium last year, was on the ground, and is a beautiful animal. His stock added much to the excellency of the show. Col. Child, of Augusta, also had his Durhams on the ground in good order and fine condition. They are prime stock. Friend Eaton, our publisher, had a beautiful grade Durham cow on the ground, with a large and well proportioned calf by her side. Many other individuals, whom we did not know, brought in excellent animals.

Of Herefords we did not see many, for the very reason that there are yet not many raised among us. There were some very fine grade calves of this breed on the ground, among which we noticed a pair belonging to Mrs. Hawkes, of Hallowell, and some exhibited by the Messrs. Page, of Augusta. A pair of super-breeders of this breed were exhibited by Oaks Howard, Esq., of Winthrop.

A few calves of grade Ayrshires were on the ground, but no full bloods. No Devonshires, and but one of our old native breed.

The show of sheep was not very full—Some excellent specimens of Merino were exhibited by Nathan Foster, of Winthrop; some Saxons and grade Saxons by Jesse Wadsworth, of Livermore; a full blood Dingley buck by John Otis, of Hallowell; a grade So. Down buck, by E. C. Snell, of Winthrop; some grades of the Cotswold and other long woolled breeds, by John O. Wing, of Winthrop, and a flock of ewes by John Kezer, of Winthrop, made up this part of the exhibition.

The hogs were fewer and farther between than the sheep. Col. Daniel Craig, of Readfield, presented a pair of swine of the Beshire and Bedford breeds; Jacob Pope, of Hallowell, presented a breeding sow; and John Kezer, of Winthrop, a "wagon full" of pigs. These were all good, but they looked rather lonesome for lack of bristly company.

The show of horses was much better than we have had for many years. Messrs. Chandler and Webster, of Augusta, Lewis, of Hallowell, R. W. Pray, of Waterville, Z. R. Morgan, of Winthrop, and James Moulton, and Moses Greenwood, of Wayne, all presented good stallions.

Several excellent breeding mares were also exhibited among them those of Isaac Hawkes, of Hallowell, and James Moulton, of Wayne, took premiums.

Several pairs of matched horses were forwarded by R. W. Pray, of Waterville; Z. R. Morgan, of Winthrop, and A. Lewis, and A. Sampson, of Hallowell. They were all prime horses, well made, well matched, and well trained. Mr. Pray, of Waterville, took the first premium, and Z. R. Morgan, of Winthrop, the second.

In the Poultry department we noticed a fine lot of hens, of all sorts, from J. L. Child, of Augusta, and some very large and fine East India, or, as some call them, African geese, from Mr. Norton, of Gardiner.

This, we believe, is a general view of all the living animals presented there, saving and excepting some thousands of men, women and children, who brought themselves along in good shape, as far as mud and water would allow, and appeared highly delighted.

The articles of domestic manufactures exhibited there, were not so numerous as we have seen brought in, on former occasions, but they were excellent, and showed much taste as well as skill in the manufacturers.

In Dairy products there has been great improvement. Between twenty and thirty lots

of butter were brought in, and not one poor specimen among them all. This is worthy of note and proves that the soil and the cows of Maine can produce the raw material of good quality, and that it only requires skill and experience in the dairy maid to enable us to rival any part of creation in this article. The lots of cheese were not so numerous, but good.

The fruit department was not so well filled as it ought to have been. Some fine, well ripened Isabella grapes were exhibited by J. L. Child, Esq., of Augusta. Also some prime specimens by Mr. Hawkes of Hallowell. Morrell Stanley, Esq., of Winthrop, also presented a beautiful lot of Isabellas, that were well grown but not so ripe as the others. Mr. Pierce of Hallowell, also brought a large lot of the same variety. Beautiful specimens of peaches were sent in by Frederick Fuller, Esq., of Augusta, and by Jacob Pope of Hallowell. On the second day we were agreeably surprised by the appearance among us of our friend John M. Ives of Salem, Mass., who brought with him some superb specimens of apples and pears, many of which were new in our part of the country. This made a rich addition to the exhibition, with which many lovers of good fruit were exceedingly gratified.

Not many farm implements were exhibited. A new model of a horse-rake, by Mr. Delano of East Livermore, was on the ground, which was new in some of its arrangements, and appeared to work well. Beautiful ploughs, (Ruggles, Nourse & Mason's) from the depot of John Means & Son, Augusta; and a splendid lot of the Prouty & Mears ploughs, manufactured by Garfield & Hilton of Augusta, two young men just starting in life, and whose work is first rate. The Waterville plough, and the Burrell plough, we believe it is, comprises the list of ploughs.

The drawing match and ploughing match came off on the second day. They were well contested, and displayed the discipline of the oxen and the skill of their drivers to good advantage.

The dinner served up by mine host Loomis was one of the best kind, and proves him to be well qualified to administer to the wants and gratification of those who like a practical demonstration of what agriculture can do in feeding mankind. The rooms for the dinner and for the exhibition of the manufactured articles were kindly proffered to the Society by Mr. Alfred Lewis, who fitted them up in prime order. We have never been so well accommodated, in both of these respects, before.

In the afternoon of the second day an address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Judd of Augusta. Having been disappointed in obtaining a person to give the address, Mr. Judd was called upon a little while before the day of the Show, and he very kindly consented to give—not an agricultural address, which he had not time to prepare, but such as he had. The subject was "our country." It was short, pithy, terse and good—full of truth, and leading to practical wisdom by contrasting the living virtues and vices of the age.—After the address the reports of the adjudging committees were made, and the Society adjourned.

Thus passed the 16th anniversary of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society. It began in a storm and ended with sunshine, and amid all the variety of weather and show, we believe every one went home pleased and satisfied with the farmer's festival.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR OF THE PISCATAWAY CO. AG. SOCIETY. This came off at Sangerville, the 6th inst.

We have received an account of it from our friend C. C. C., which seems to be spiced a little strong with sarcasm. It is not best to be too keen upon our friends. Things will come round right when time imparts a little more age and experience in these matters. The mistakes of the present should be made beacon for the future, and by mending a little every year, we shall approximate to perfection.

CHEMICAL SOLUTIONS AS A SOAK FOR SEEDS.

We are of opinion that seeds of all kinds may be greatly accelerated in their development, by immersion in certain solutions. M. Humboldt, in his interesting work entitled "Flora Subterranea Friburgensis," and in his "Apophysis" on the chemical physiology of plants, announces several facts, all of which tend directly and powerfully to the conformation of this belief.

The show of horses was much better than we have had for many years. Messrs. Chandler and Webster, of Augusta, Lewis, of Hallowell, R. W. Pray, of Waterville, Z. R. Morgan, of Winthrop, and James Moulton, and Moses Greenwood, of Wayne, all presented good stallions.

The great fact by him discovered, viz: that simple metallic substances are unfavorable to the germination of plants, and that metallic oxygen favors it in the exact ratio of their oxidation, induced him to seek for some substance with which oxygen might be combined so loosely as to facilitate its separation; and he accordingly made chose of oxygenated muriatic acid. In this substance seeds exhibited germination in the remarkable short period of six hours after immersion, whereas the same kind of seeds—cresses, (*lepidium sativum*) when immersed in water, did not germinate in less than thirty two hours.

Our readers are probably, most of them, aware of the fact that a great deal has been said and written of late, both in this country and in Europe—particularly in Germany—on the subject of concentrated manures.

Some experimental farmers on the Continent, the doctrine has been advocated, and even perniciously insisted on, that all seeds may be so managed as to grow most luxuriantly without any previous preparation of the soil on which they are to be grown. Although we cannot adopt a belief so deeply characterized by the principles of Geopolitical transnationalism, in toto, we shall nevertheless give a few extracts from the writings of those who have. The following is from the "Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland." The writer says:

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY MORNING,

OCTOBER 21, 1847.

NO. 42.

"There was perhaps no object in the exhibition of plants in the Society's Show at Dundee, in August, 1843, which attracted such general attention as the remarkably strong and vigorous oats growing in soil, exhibited by Mr. James Campbell, of the Educational Seminary of that town. The soil in which they grew possessed no peculiar property, except that it had not been manured for eleven years. The vigor of the plants, according to Mr. Campbell, was entirely to be ascribed to their seed having been subjected to a process by which they were soaked in certain chemical solutions. Mr. Campbell has, since the show, in the most liberal and disinterested manner, placed the particulars of his process in the hands of the Society, for the benefit of agriculturists generally; and, to further his good intentions, the Society has thought proper to publish his own explanation of the method of conducting the process of preparing the seed, as it is given, in letters, addressed, at various times, to the secretary."

NOVEL INVENTION.

We learn from the British Builder that the resistance of air to the rapidity of the flight of the locomotive and its train, while in motion, is about to be "compensated" as it were, in rather a novel way, by an increase of energy and speed to which that resistance itself is to be made subservient, according to its intensity, so that the greater any actual resistance, the greater the possible compensation, so far, at least, as an air-blast, by urging the engine fire, is capable of aiding in the generation and sustainment of power, and especially in the saving of so much of it as would be otherwise necessary in the sustenance of the ordinary air-blast itself. The resistance of air confronting the line of locomotion yields, to all intent and purposes, an air-blast capable of being thus harnessed by human ingenuity, and made to assist in counteracting its own inevitable tendencies, and that especially when the negative rush of air is seconded and reinforced by a positive current, also in the teeth of the locomotion.

Indeed, such a triumph over nature's laws, if practicable and complete, is only to be won by one of the happiest hits, if not the highest efforts of human ingenuity: such as that by means of which, e. g., the contraction and expansion of the brass and steel of clock and watch-work by the cold and heat were "compensated" through the appliances of these very tendencies themselves to the "compensation pendulum and balance." The end in view in the present instance is attained by the guidance of the rush or blast of air along a series of plates on the sides of the ash box, which is divided into three longitudinal chambers—so that when the engine is in motion and exposed to the resistance or negative rush of the air, it impinges on these plates, and passes towards the fire bars and the furnace, where it does the requisite duty; and the market is the open suburb, with not even a covered booth to protect it, I wondered, passing it late and seeing no one on the watch, at the confidence it implied in the popular honesty. A moonlight night, however, chance to reveal the secret. It will not be in this generation that a Yankee farmer and his wife will be content to take apples to town and sleep three weeks in the barrel—but so do the Germans at Leipzig! I was standing, in a clear, cool autumn twilight, after a walk, watching the full moon and the setting sun opposite edges of the horizon, when, happening to look around, I observed one of my pretty acquaintances in the apple market putting on a night cap. Presuming to draw a little nearer, I saw that she stood by a barrel, laid on its side, with straw in the hollow, and she presently crept into this, leaving her feet out of doors under a blanket. I walked up and down for half an hour, saw that every one of the twenty or thirty families in the market disposed of themselves for the night in the same way. There were several couples among them who occupied the same barrel, (of the size of a Long Wharf sugar hogshead,) the husband smoking his pipe outside, while the wife "settled herself," and creeping in very gingly a few minutes after. With two or three hundred wild students mousing about for fun, one would suppose that these were hardly safe dormitories, but the apple merchants seemed to have no fear of being molested.

A little further around, upon the outside of the promenade which encircles the town, we came to the cluster of theatrical and show booths, which, with the booths for refreshments, form a small village especially devoted to merrymaking. Here was a circus, and at the door a fat Turk, in pink silk jacket and white trousers and turban, offering tickets to the passers-by. A long succession of attractions followed—a dwarf and Albino, a midget, a wonderful athlete, a fortune-teller, an exhibitor of pictures, a children's railroad, and several marvellous monsters, each separated with its separate band of music, and its canvassers in splendid costume screaming at the door. Away in the rear of the show-booths extended the lanes of refreshment-shops, each shop having its two or three female musicians playing industriously, and between every two doors sat a blind or lame man grinding an organ or singing at the top of his voice. In no part of this noisy village of fun could one find less than four or five different music at once, but every soul seemed gay, and the discords probably had the effect of adding somewhat to the general mirthfulness.

I was struck with one novelty here in the way of book selling. A man stood before a sort of a drug curtain covered with pictures, each picture representing a scene from one of the pamphlets on his table.—With a long pole he pointed to these pictorial advertisements, one after another, and, as he told the story in a loud voice, a remarkably pretty girl hand round for sale, among the crowd, the particular book which it illustrated.

This was literally "books and stationery" (the books for sale and the picture-stationery); and as it seemed to "do," I made a note of it for the benefit of the Reform Booksellers.

WINTER CLOTHING. Between this and the entrance to the town, there were still several booth-villages—one for the sale of boots and shoes only, another for cheap millinery, and a third for wooden ware, and a large one for the winter clothing of the poorer classes.

The German custom which I before alluded to, (in my letter from Frankfort,) of wearing knit cloths, so wadded with cotton that they are like beds to walk about in, is here mimicked to with great ingenuity. Fuel so scarce and dear in this country, and the paupers so much poorer than any laboring classes with us, that they are compelled to find some substitute for more fire than suffice to cook by, and they fairly wear out the winter accordingly. Wadded leggings and wadded jackets, adapted to the wear of both sexes, are sold in great quantities—the encasement for one woman costing about two dollars. It would pay to import these articles into our Northern States, for a suit of them would be as good as a winter's fuel to give a poor woman, and they would be excellent underclothes for winter traveling and sleigh riding.

SECURING VEGETABLES. Potatoes should be dug and housed before the ground freezes. If they are in the least touched by frost, they are more liable to rot; and even if they are not actually frozen, they may become so chilled that their quality for keeping is injured. It is generally better to dig them soon after they get ripe. If the ground is dry, the potatoes will not suffer by remaining in it till the approach of frosty weather, but if the ground is wet, they will be better off in a cool, dry cellar. Another inducement for digging early, is, that after the potatoes get ripe, the ground is very liable to be overrun by weeds, which greatly increases the labor of taking up the crop. Turnips, beets, cabbages, &c., may remain out till the first of November—in fact, if the weather is mild during the month of October, these articles generally continue to grow till through that month. Carrots and parsnips are sometimes left out all winter. Parsnips stand the frost without injury, but carrots, in this latitude, are generally more or less injured, and frequently spoiled. Indeed, it is better to dig the principal part of the parsnip crop in fall.

The posts are about one half the ordinary size, planted firmly at the distance of ten feet apart; with nine strands of wire drawn tightly through a half-inch anger hole, and tightly ploughed at each hole; the wire is of the size of that used for the handle of the Yankee bucket, and to combine them more firmly, wire of a lighter description is wound through the middle, which prevents the hogs from separating them and creeping through. The whole expense of this fence does not exceed twenty-five cents per post of ten feet; and for neatness and durability, cannot be surpassed by any thing in timber."

IRON FENCES. Iron wire is now used in the construction of fences, and the Westminister (Md.) Carolotian gives the following description of the manner in which it is adapted to this purpose:

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MAINE FARMER. The following is from the "Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society of Scotland." The writer says:

"The great feature of the Fair is the civilization of the country where it is done.

The Fair (of Leipzig) has its suburbs, and our daily stroll commenced with the fruit market, open at this particular season for the winter supplies. We lodged immediately in the rear of this acre of apple women, and the fragrance we met on coming out of doors was like the smell of the forbidden tree so cleverly described to Eve—

"A savory odor blown

Greatly to appetite, more pleased by sense

Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the taste

Or eau or goat dripping with milk at even."

The fruit, of many very fine varieties, was

shaped up in bins hoisted by, in each owner,

between four poles, and on the tops of the

poles stood gayly-colored baskets of fruit and flowers, the saleswoman sitting below on a stool, up to her knees in pears and apples.

As you walk through this fragrant apple lane,

you are assailed with most complimentary invitations to stop and spend a groshen, and we generally yielded—Germany being a country of chancing independence as to the where and how of eating.

The samples among the booths in the

squares are the most amusing, because the

lanes are as narrow as a church aisle, and

you pass between two rows of little shops

with the goods on either side within reach of

your arm—meanwhile, moreover, running a

gauntlet of persuasions to purchase.

Some particular article is usually recommended to you as you pass, and it is generally chosen with skillful reference to your appearance.

As the German women do their year's shopping at Fair time, and come to Leipzig at this season from all the country around, (to have

their gadding and money spending in on

holiday time,) you can imagine why the

scene is uniformly gray for two or three weeks,

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.



AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCT. 21, 1847.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

For a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

With the advice of the Executive Council, I hereby appoint Thursday, the 25th day of November, as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

The year which is past has been to the State and Nation one of unmixed prosperity. While a kind Providence has been with us, we have been, as a people, more anxious, more benign institutions have protected each, in its undisturbed enjoyment. While abundant plenty fills our land, tyranny and oppression are deprived of the power to wrest from the hand of toil and pour it into the lap of indolence and luxury.

As the hand of unmerited blessing, it is peculiarly appropriate that we set apart a day for their sincere, public acknowledgment.

I therefore recommend that the people of this State abstain, on that day, from their ordinary pursuits, assemble at their usual place of worship, and there offer their grateful thanks to the Author of all good, for the general content for their freedom—that He gave them wisdom to devise our best system of State Sovereignty, and a conciliating spirit to unite those independent sovereignties into one harmonious whole—that He has taught us the value of the Union, and the importance of our Union, and determined them to preserve it by his compulsion of all conflicting interests and claims—that His hand is still visible in guiding and sustaining us, in humbly reverencing our peaceful avocations, and crowning with success our victorious arms—and that the constant outpouring of his bounties has distinctly marked us as his favored people.

Let not the voice of murmuring disturb the songs of praise. Let party bitterness and sectarian zeal be silent. Let not the day be desecrated, or the house of God profaned, by political harangues, or the discussion of the terms of Union. Let us all join in a general festival that another year has passed, and we are still a united, prosperous and happy people.

Thus duly expressing the blessings we enjoy, and humbly beseeching Him who gives them, let us, as a whole community, in earnest prayer for their continuance to ourselves and our posterity.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this twenty-seventh day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventy-first.

JOHN W. DANA.

By the Governor:

ERIK B. FRENCH, Sec'y of State.

"Learn to do well by others' hands, And you shall do well."

This is a quotation from a poet, and it is a maxim which is founded in truth. There can be no doubt that if we learn to do well we shall do well, and if we take warning by the example of others, it is a good way of learning to do right. It is not the only way, however—indeed, it is a way which must not be very agreeable to a tender or sensitive mind, to be seeking out the mistakes and harms of others, in order to make them become to guide us in our course. A more pleasant and equally safe course, is to learn to do well by others' virtues, and we would vary the couplet of the poet, in this wise:

Learn to do well by others' good, And you shall do well.

We have always been pleased with the account which Marcus Aurelius gave of the manner in which he learned to practice the many virtues which made his life so amiable, and endeared him so strongly to his friends and people. We can't abridge it very well, and as it embodies a whole code of morals, in a page more complete than you will find in many bulky volumes of Ethics or moral philosophy, we will venture to give it as we find it.

I learned, says he, of my grandfather Verus, to be gentle and complaisant.

The reputation which my father left, and the memory of his good actions, which has been preserved, taught me modesty. My mother formed me to piety, taught me to be liberal, and not even to meditate, still less to do a wrong.

I owe it to my governor that I am patient of labor; indulge few wants, know how to work with my own hands, meddle with no business that does not concern me, and give no encouragement to informers.

Dioctetus taught me not to be smug with frivilities, to yield no credit to charlatans and enchanters, and to have no faith in conjurations, demons, and superstitions of that sort. I learned of him to permit every one to speak to me with entire freedom, and to apply myself wholly to philosophy.

Rusticus made me perceive that I needed to correct my manners, that I ought to avoid the pride of the sophists, and to use effort to inspire the people with admiration of my patience and austerity of life, to be always ready to pardon those who offended me, and to receive them kindly whenever they were disposed to resume their former intercourse.

I learned of Apollonius to be at the same time frank and firm in my designs, to follow no guide but my reason, even in the smallest matters, and to be always composed, even under acute sufferings. By his example I was instructed that it is possible to be at once severe and gentle.

Sexius taught me to govern my house as a good father, to preserve a simple gravity without affectation, to attempt to divine and anticipate the wishes and necessities of my friends; to endure with calmness and patience, the ignorant and presumptuous who speak without thinking what they say; and to sustain relations of kindness to all.

I learned from Alexander, the grammarian, in disputation to use no injurious words in reply to my antagonist.

Frono taught me to know that kings are surrounded by the envious, by knaves and hypocrites.

Alexander the Platonist, instructed me never to say or to write to any one interceding for my interest, "I have no time to attend to your affairs," nor to alledge, as an excuse, "I have been overwhelmed with business," but to always prompt to render all those good offices which the bonds of society demand.

I owe to my brother Severus the love which I have for truth and justice. From him I derived the desire to govern my States as equal laws, and to reign in such a manner that my subjects might possess perfect liberty.

I thank the Divinity for having given me virtuous ancestors, a good father, a good mother, a good sister, good preceptors, and good friends; in a word, all the good things I could have desired.

This is the way in which the good emperor schooled himself into the practice of those virtues which rendered him so conspicuous as an example during his age, and so beloved by all, from the lowest to the highest. You are not an emperor and never will be, and yet it is incumbent upon you and upon all to endeavor to learn and practice these amiable traits of character, not only on account of the good which you will thereby be led to do for others, but more especially on account of the real solid happiness which you will yourself enjoy in their practice daily.

REV. DR. BURGESS, of Hartford, Conn., recently elected, by a convention of delegates, Bishop of the Diocese of this State, is thus spoken of by the New England Weekly Review, published in the above named city. We care not how many such men come among us—the more the better. We learn that Dr. Burgess will reside in Gardiner, the Church in that town now being destitute of the services of a settled minister. The Review says:

"It is superfluous to say that Dr. Burgess will bear with him the sincere regrets of this entire community, to his new location. He has taken religion among us by the effectual teaching of a noiseless Chariot example, never engaging in boisterous controversies about sectarian creeds, or encouraging paroxysms of religious excitement. His influence has remained confined to the pulpit; but it has penetrated the private life of the prominent and the humble."

Apart from his profession, he has been an unwavering friend of popular education. It will be recollect that his name was much reported by the Liberator Committee—a document which, with the eloquent speeches that followed it, convinced and carried with the fate of the measure rested. Other schools owe much to him, as well as our institutions of charity.

All that we can wish is that his worth may be appreciated, and his reward commensurate with it. No individual could have left, whose deportment would be generally deplored, or whose "life and conversation" among us would be more gratefully remembered."

BIG VEGETABLES AND BIG CHEESES. The Ed. of the Vt. Voice of Freedom, in a letter from New York city, giving an account of the Fair of the American Institute, gives the following items relative to some of the products of the soil and of the dairy. These cheeses remind us of "Mrs. Longley's big cheese," presented to Gov. Fairfield during the "Aroostook war." We do not recall the name of the cheese.

CAN'T GET IT FAST ENOUGH. The Albany Evening Journal of Friday, the 12th, contains the following item relative to the demand for breadstuffs:

"There is a new movement in Flour and Grain. The demand in the Eastern market is now so great, that it is impossible to procure freight-room sufficient to answer the demands. All the shipping, as well as the Boston Railroad, is pressed into the service, at very fair rates. It is probable that the demand will continue through the season, in order to press a sufficient winter supply forward."

COLT, THE MURDERER. We clip the following from the New York Farmer and Mechanic. Some of our exchanges laugh at the story, but stranger things have happened.

"The Philadelphia correspondent of the Herald, writes that there is a report that Colt, who was some years ago sentenced to be executed for murder, but was generally believed to have escaped by flight, suddenly, on the morning specified for the execution, has been seen in the vicinity of that city, within the last month or two. He has relatives living in Blocton township, west of the Schuylkill river, and it was whilst on a visit to them, that he was seen and recognised by one of the neighbors."

PRIZE STORIES. The enterprising proprietors of the Philadelphia Dollar Newspaper have recently expended five hundred and fifty dollars, in awards, for eleven prize stories. John S. Robb, Esq., the "Solitaire" of the St. Louis Review, took the first prize, \$150, and P. Hamilton Myers, of Auburn, N. Y., the second, \$100. The "Newspaper" is a capital sheet, but since its "twelve thousand an hour press" has been in operation, it is said, and caters for his readers admirably well.

Two little items in the dairy line I came near forgetting. One of these was a cheese, weighing 568 lbs., and the other was of the same family, weighing 375 lbs."

THE WEEKLY SYMBOL AND HOME MAGAZINE. Published by Jordan & Co., 20 State street, Boston, at \$2,00 per annum in advance, is one of the best "Odd Fellow" and family ones.

REVIVED. The Thomaston Recorder has been revived, and makes its appearance on our table under the editorship and proprietorship of David J. Scarett. We trust David, like his namesake of old, will do an effective service, and find his "pocket full of rocks"—such "rocks" to cheer the hearts of the fraternity, and urge them on to improvement and usefulness.

FIRE IN HALLOWELL. We learn that the extensive Oil-cloth Carpet Factory of Messrs. Sampson & Rice, in Hallowell, was destroyed by fire early on Tuesday morning. We do not learn the amount of the loss.

CONCERT. The Augusta Brass Band, assisted in exhibiting in London, has the upper part of his person entirely covered with flexible hair, two inches in length, and shaded as the most beautiful colors of the rainbow; while the lower part of his body has the appearance of variegated spots, and the toes are exhibited, which measured 13 inches in diameter.

NOTHING NEW. A Western editor says, that in the absence of more important news, he may at well inform his readers that he has been trusted to bitterness, and presented with a large squat. One of his neighbors translates this enigmatical story into the homely statement that he has been sold by his wife, and presented with a plump responsibility.

TURNS AND RETURNS. One of Aaron Burr's clients gave him a retainer fee; but the case being compromised before trial, Burr was asked to refund "Ah," said he, "there are many crooks and turns in the law, but no returns."

GEN. TAYLOR. The New York Herald states that a letter has been received in this city from Gen. Taylor's camp, which states that the old General is to have leave for absence on the 15th ult. It is probable that he will return home about the 1st of November.

DR. COOLIDGE. A physician has discovered that the night before, nine o'clock out of ten, is produced by "towing a bill for a newspaper."

Pretty Monster. A boy three years old, who is being exhibited in London, has the upper part of his person entirely covered with flexible hair, two inches in length, and shaded as the most beautiful colors of the rainbow; while the lower part of his body has the appearance of variegated spots, and the toes are exhibited, which measured 13 inches in diameter.

HORSEFLESH. The late King of Denmark is said to have ordered horseflesh to be served at his own table, in the hope that his example might help to overcome the prejudices which is entertained against it as an article of human food.

PERSON. Having gained considerable promotion, knew not his old friends. One of them, who called on him, was asked who he was. "I am an old friend," he replied, "and came to console you on the loss of your eye and memory."

WHY IS A VINE A SOLDIER? Because it is *tied*, and *tained*, has *ten-drills* and *shots*.

RARE CASE. The Rev. Jonathan French, of Northampton, Mass., has been officiating pastor of the Congregational Church in that town for 46 years. He is nearly 70 years of age, has 11 children, and at least 23 grand children; and hitherto no death has occurred in his family or in the family of his children. He has occupied the parsonage where he now lives for more than 40 years, and no death ever occurred in it.

REVIVED. The last of this town has exhibited in our office the product of one single bean planted, yielding 460 pods, which contained 2200 fair beans; besides 25 pods that were shelled out before the others were gathered, and were not counted with the above,—making a total of 485 pods, and 2325 beans. These beans are a small white common field bean. If anybody can beat this, we will be sure to let you know of it.

A JAIL TO LET. The Saco Democrat states the pleasing fact that the jail in York County, at Alfred, is tenanted. The words "To Let" are written on the door. Would that we had no use for these iron grated dungeons. The morals of the inhabitants of York County must be in a healthy state.

THE STORM. The storm of Tuesday night of last week was a severe one, and the amount of damage done to shipping must have been great. The two steamboats on this line were out, and "suffered" some. The Bath Times says:

The Charter Oak and Kennebec were both in the gale. The former put into Gloucester, the latter into Portland. The Charter was run into by a schooner, but did not receive much damage. The jibboom passed into one of the state-rooms, and through a berth occupied by a lady. Luckily it passed under the mattress and nearly threw her out, without any serious injury.

CHANGE OF NAME. Sir Walter Scott's grandson has been allowed to change his name from Lockhart to Scott. So we shall have another Sir Walter Scott, in name, at least.

DR. COOLIDGE. Was arraigned before the S. J. Court on Monday last. The indictment was read, and he pleaded not guilty. His trial will take place in January next, we understand.

CURE FOR A BROKEN HEART. Miss Ann Coley of Brooklyn, N. Y., sued Thos. H. Courtley for a breach of promise, but he soothed her affections by a \$500 bill, and she became contented.

BRICKS FROM BABEL. It is said that a vessel has arrived at London with a cargo of bricks from the tower of Babel, and other architectural curiosities, consigned to the British Museum. Wonder if they brought the same tongue that were confused on the eve of the flood?

WINTER SCRAPS. Under this caption we find the following gem going the rounds of the papers. It is, however, more nor less than a quotation from Quarles, an old English poet, whose works, we are informed, are about to be republished.

MADE FARMER. The Maine Farmer, thinking, we suppose, that because the publication of the laws is a matter so interesting to him, would please us also. Perhaps the publishing of the same, might. But though we tried to feel pleased with that extra sum, which contained a batch of them, it was impossible to get up a feeding produce of even a simper. In fact we do not care much what laws they do make away there in Maine. [Prairie Farmer.]

SCOTCH LANGUAGE AND SCOTCH LITERATURE. The language of the Scotch may properly be classed under two divisions, viz: that spoken in the Lowlands, which consists of the Scandinavian dialect intermixed or blended with the Anglo Saxon, and the language of the Highlanders, which is, in reality, Irish. In the ninth century, the Orkney Isles were taken possession of by the Norwegians, and until recent times the inhabitants spoke principally and retained possession of the Norse language. Many of them, however, now speak English, and there is little doubt that we will soon become the dominant if not the sole language of the islanders.

INDIAN FARMER. The editor of the Maine Farmer, thinking, we suppose, that because the publication of the laws is a matter so interesting to him, would please us also. Perhaps the publishing of the same, might. But though we tried to feel pleased with that extra sum, which contained a batch of them, it was impossible to get up a feeding produce of even a simper. In fact we do not care much what laws they do make away there in Maine. [Prairie Farmer.]

WATER TEFANA. In the 17th century there was a person known in Italy, by this name, (Water Tefana, "wives' poison.") This individual had carried on her detectable traffic for years, and, on being condemned, confessed that she had poisoned six hundred people! The poison was vend in small, flat vials, the contents of which was as clear as the purest water. Five or six drops of this, and you will thereby be led to do for others, but more especially on account of the real solid happiness which you will yourself enjoy in their practice daily.

VORACITY OF THE SHARK. A large shark has been caught near St. Helena, which had an artillery-man, all armed and equipped and exercising the broad sword, in his belly.

FINISHED AT LAST, ALMOST. Alexander's Express says that Girard College is almost finished, and will be delivered over to the trustees on the first of December, next, and go into operation January 1st, 1848.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION TO PACKET MASTERS. A decision has recently been made by a judge in Philadelphia, which is of importance to passengers and packet masters—Messrs. Walton and Dodd each paid \$90 in advance for their passage from Philadelphia to Liverpool, in the packet ship *Thomas P. Cope*, belonging to H. and A. Cope & Co. The ship was struck by lightning while on her voyage, the passengers and crew barely escaping with their lives. They sued Cope & Co. for their money. The judge gave the case to the plaintiffs, on the ground that freight is that which a vessel earns—that passage money is freight, and in this case, as the passage was not obtained, the money paid for it must be refunded.

A CEMENT FOR CISTERNS. An exchange gives the following mode of making a cement for facing cisterns. Take four parts of brick dust, finely screened; eight parts fine, sharp, fresh-water sand; twelve parts lime, completely slacked by burying in the ground so as to exclude the air during the process of slackening; three parts of powdered quicklime, very burnt, and three parts powdered charcoal. First mix the slackened lime, brick-dust, charcoal and sand, with water sufficient to make a mortar thinner than usual; then sprinkle in the quicklime. Mix well with the trowel and use immediately, as it will soon stiffen.

CANTON'S OWN COLUMN. THE IRISHMAN'S CAT. A short time ago a poor Irishman applied at the church warden's office of Manchester for relief, and upon some object for care, he was refused his suit with much severity.

"Ooh, your master," said he, "sure I'd be starved long, if you'd let me in." "But for what?" asked his astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "I can't say how it is," said he, "but I'd be starved long, if you'd let me in."

GRATEFUL POTATO FROM A SMALL STATE. The editor of the U. S. Gazette has received a curious potato from a Delaware farmer, which he calls

DREADFUL CALAMITY IN NASHVILLE. A Cincinnati dispatch, under date of the 15th instant, contains the following account of a dreadful calamity and loss of life:

The Nashville paper, just received, brings intelligence of an awful calamity at that place, the effects of the storm on Tuesday evening last. The lightning struck the powder magazine, causing an awful explosion. The report was equal to the loudest earthquake. The destruction of life and property was immense; one hundred houses were destroyed and entirely taken. The houses were torn to pieces, the family injured, and one of them, a young girl killed. The houses owned by the following persons were injured or destroyed: Williams, Banne, Farrier, Harris, Moore, Cole, Stout, Stephens, Chandler, J. L. Smith, Henry Marsh, C. G. Grovers, Dearny, and others. A new Methodist Church, also the Household Ward.

The Maine Farmer; A Family

THE WAR NEWS.

We have received but little news from the seat of war since our last publication. The following, from the Washington Union, is the latest.

VERA CRUZ, Sept. 26, 1847.

Yesterday I saw a letter from a Mexican, in Mexico, dated the 13th inst., which said that Gen. Santa Anna had left the city with 1,500 cavalry for Oaxaca; that he had delegated his powers as President to Gen. Penay Forn and two of the judges of the Supreme Court. Last evening, however, to our great surprise, we learned that Gen. Santa Anna had reached Puebla with 3,000 cavalry, and that Col. Childs, who has command of the forts above the city, had commenced bombarding, and had thrown 300 shell into the city. This, sir, is the strange news we received last evening from Jalapa. My own opinion is—and I am not alone—that Gen. Santa Anna is endeavoring to make his way to the seat of war, or was on his way to Oaxaca; for with so small a force he could not think to cut off the reinforcements for General Scott.

Strange to say, we are without letters that can be depended upon—nothing from the army, or even from foreign houses.

Mexican letters say that the leperos had sacked the city, and that Gen. Scott could not control them, but we cannot believe anything from the Mexican papers.

I think that Penay Forn and his associates will call Congress together, and will endeavor to open negotiations.

Major Lally, I understand, has been ordered to march up. The city is comparatively healthy.

I think there is truth in the first report—the other may be doubtful.

(From the N. O. Delta, Oct. 6, 9 A.M.)

LATER FROM MEXICO.

The steamer Alabama, Capt. Windle, arrived here at an hour this morning from Vera Cruz and Tampico, having left the former place on the 26th, and the latter on the 30th ult.

There had been no communication between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico since the news brought by the Mar. Kingsland, already laid before the world. The capture of the capital, and the flight of the Government to Guadalupe, are, however, placed beyond a doubt, by letters received at Vera Cruz via Orizaba and Tampico.

The following circular to commanders general of departments, dated at Guadalupe, Sept. 14, which we copy from the Genius of Liberty, describes the attack of the American forces, on the defenses of Chapultepec, and the subsequent capture of the city. The latter was carried at the point of the bayonet, at day-break of the 13th, after a desperate resistance of six hours. The fortification situated between the sentry boxes of Belen and St. Thomas, the citadel, was next attacked by our forces. The resistance of the Mexicans at this place was truly desperate, and the heroism displayed by them worthy of the best days of the Republic. Santa Anna had his troops in person, following to Peter Wentworth, to hold several hours a field adjoining his house. During the same interval a partridge also laid several eggs in the same nest. When the period for incubation arrived, the hen first began to set. Not long, however, had she been in possession, before the partridge made her appearance, when a general fight took place. The partridge proved conqueror, hatched the eggs, and the varied brood now range the earth together, the chick equally as wild as the young partridge. (Chester Eng. Chronicle.)

SHOOTING OFF THE WIRES. Some person or persons, in this country, have taken the liberty of shooting off wires, in various parts of the country. The Telegraph wires were shot off some three miles west of this city, on the afternoon above named, and about 600 feet of wire carried to parts unknown. The messenger who was sent from the Telegraph office in this city to repair the damage, finding that he had not sufficient length of wire to supply the place of that taken away, left the roll he had with him, and returned for more. While absent this roll was stolen! (Rochester Adv.)

PUMPKIN VINES BY THE ROD. Mr. Jacob Goodrich, of Jay, has a vine, 100 feet long, which he has trained this season—50 feet of them are ripe. The length of the vine and branches from this seed, measured thirty-one and a half. We told Mr. Goodrich that this would be a very long story for the editor of a paper, not political, to tell; it is almost equal to the story of the fellow that was chased by a cucumber vine and after shooting fence found a crop of small cucumbers in his pocket; but Mr. G. says he can prove his story by his neighbors—so here you have it. (Hallowell Gazette.)

SLEEPING IN CHURCH. Prof. Shepard of Amherst College, a man, however, belonging to the Hallowell Agricultural Society, after some remarks upon the ill-contrived structure of many New England parish-houses, went on to attribute the practice—very common in some neighborhoods,—of sleeping in church, to the effect of the poisonous air with which some low-roofed churches are invariably filled. The blessing of the drowsy multitude will follow the professor, for his philosophical ingenuity in finding an excuse for their unfortunate propensity.

BIG LARCH, Haskell, arrived at this port, from Savannah, yesterday, reporting very extensive damage to the cotton and tobacco crops, which had been raised on the 9th inst. Henry Marlock, an Indian, of Jackson, Maine, died of consumption, on board the Larch. He was 35 years of age. (Boston Bee.)

The Ellsworth Democrat mentions that a case of cowbaiting recently occurred at Cheshire, in which the parties, belonging to the "aristocracy" of the town, used horsewhips and sword canes, and one of them received several severe thrusts in his arms and body. A lawyer in one of the cities, having a very red face, which it was understood was not the effect of drinking skunk milk, was told that he was not much of a lawyer. "Why, sir," said he, "I have been called the deepest red lawyer in the city."

AD AND COMPTON. The New Orleans papers advocate the calling of a public meeting of the citizens of that city, "in order to take into consideration the refusal of the enemy to treat for peace, and to assure the Government that the people of New Orleans are as they always have been, to prosecute the war with their persons, and, if necessary with their money."

The Lazzaroni have been received by us, brought in by a train which has just arrived from the National Bridge, and was there awaiting the return of supplies from Vera Cruz. The guerrillas mustered large numbers in the vicinity of the bridge, and were continually harassing General Lee's command. The Genius of Liberty, of the 25th, says:

"Intelligence has been received by us, from a class of vagabonds, very numerous in Mexican cities, and corresponding nearly to the lazzaroni of Naples, and the *leapers* of the United States. Was estimated the number in the city of Mexico as high as twenty thousand, in 1823. They are probably more numerous now; and the recent excesses committed by them, keep the country in a state of great alarm."

The gallant General and his brave band were some-harassed by the enemy, who kept continually hovering on his flanks, firing on them occasionally.

We are extremely sorry to add that Lieut. Kline, of Capt. Lewis's company of Louisiana volunteers, was slain while employed in the rear in the performance of duties incidental to the time.

The *leapers* with which the General advanced, and marshalled his force for the full and complete protection of the train, is worthy, by all accounts, of every praise.

The guerrillas, it is said, have fortified the heights of Cerro Gordo. They are posted there in large numbers, with several pieces of artillery, and are said to be commanded by Gen. Paredes.

TWO MORE REGIMENTS TO BE RAISED.—Two more regiments are to be raised forthwith, the Union says—one from Tennessee and the other from Michigan. There are ten more companies in East Tennessee who have offered their services than could be accepted under the last requisition. These will probably constitute one of the new regiments.

Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, The Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

SHOW AND FAIR

OF THE NORTH AMERICAN AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, to be held at Waterford, Illinois, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 26th and 27th, 1847. The Trustees offer the following list of Premiums:

HORSES.

For the best Stallion 80 00

second do. 3 00

best Breeding Mare 6 00

second do. 2 00

NET CATTLE.

For the best Bull 10 00

second do. 7 00

best Bull Calf 4 00

second do. 3 00

best Cow 2 00

second do. 1 00

best heifer 1 00

second do. 1 00

HAY, LOOMS, &c. 3 00

second do. 2 00

second do. 2 00

second do. 1 00

The Maine Farmer; A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Literature, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

The Muse.

[From the Knickerbocker.]

CHURCH-YARD FLOWERS.

BY W. H. O. MOSMER.

Flowers of the Church-yard!
Ye are so bright,
And grow in greater spots,
Graff drops of morning dew:

A charm to the house of Death ye gave,
Springing in beauty on Childhood's grave:

Waving your heads in the wind, to and fro,
Types of the innocent sleeper below.

Flowers of the Church-yard!

A part of the year you are,
What know ye?—your slender lies

That know no pleasant dream;

I saw her blue eyes in your violet gems;

The grace of her form in your steely stems,

In diamonds of morn on your pearls that lay

Her tears, that the sunshine of joy chase away.

Flowers of the Church-yard!

Ye are so odorous still;

Ye died before the biting frost;

Or winter time could kill;

Though vanished, lost one, lost in earth's failing bowers,

Remembrance of her is like a dream of bowers;

She shone, a bright creature of light;

And passed ere the day was overclouded by night.

Flowers of the Church-yard!

Her narrow house was cold;

Ye sprang, and warmed with summer tints

The damp and gloomy mould;

Then came ye to the path of extasy to me,

Our darling, ye that I used to see,

But ah! when our blossoms was fairest to sight,

Glowed the worm of decay, and descended the blight!

Flowers of the Church-yard!

Another spring will wake,

And paint hand as deep in dye

Her grace, couch bright to make;

But ah! never will one more blossom be raised

By mortal the poor of loved and lost,

Darkened earth was too poor a treasure to own—

Heaven's basket is meet for such jewels alone.

[From the Sunday Times.]

THE LITTLE PET PLANT.

A frost a sweet little blossom rippled,

Which bloomed, like its ancestors, by the roadside;

Its sweetest was, its colors were few;

Yet still it was, a flower that did not grow.

The frost behind it, said, "I'll enchant

The botanical world with this sweet little plant;

Its leaves shall be sheltered, and surely nur'd—

It shall charm all the world!" and with it frat

Under a hedge!"

MORAL.

In the lone way of life, oh! how many there are,

Who, being born under some fortunate star,

Are like the little pet plant, and grow and grow,

The frost behind it, said, "I'll enchant

The botanical world with this sweet little plant;

Its leaves shall be sheltered, and surely nur'd—

It shall charm all the world!" and with it frat

Under a hedge!"

The little pet plant, when it shook off the dirt

Of its native ditch, soon began to be, per-

And tons'd its small head—for, perceiving that none

But itself, could have over it, it was fair,

And prid'd it, though gaudier blossoms were there;

But when it assumes hot-house air, we see through

The frost'd tint of its leaves, and suspect that it grew

Under a hedge!"

The young couple, like most young couples, were impatient to be married, and Joseph Fletcher, in order to be in a condition that would justify him in taking a wife, was impatient to go into business. Somehow or other, it had entered his mind that any young man of business capacity and enterprise could do well in the West; and he finally got up his mind to take a stock of goods, which he found no difficulty in obtaining, and go to Madison, in Indiana. Before starting, however, he engaged to return in six months, or so soon as he was fairly under way, and make Mary his wife. At the time named he was back, when the marriage took place, and he returned with his bride to Madison.

"He is a fool!" exclaimed Kate, "and I sincerely hope there is some mistake, and that you will find him to be your husband, for he is very ill and needs to be nursed by a careful hand."

Mrs. Fletcher followed the tailor up stairs, her heart scarcely beating under the pressure of suspense. In a small chamber in the third story, the atmosphere of which was close, oppressive and filled with an offensive odor, she was shown a man lying upon a bed. She needed not a second glance, as the dim light fell upon his pale, emaciated face, to decide her doubts. Her husband lay before her. Eagerly she called him, but his eyes did not open. She spoke to him again and again, but he did not recognise, even if he heard, her voice.

"As you are, Kate."

"Don't bring me into the matter, aunt."

"You talk like a thoughtless, silly girl, are you, Kate. But time will take all this silly nonsense out of you, or I am very much mistaken. I could tell you a story about marrying a tailor that would surprise you a little."

"I should like, above all things in the world, to hear a story of any interest, in which a tailor was introduced."

"The man's the gold of a tail."

"But a man wouldn't stoop to be a tailor."

"Yes, or jump into the river. Do anything, in fact, before I'd marry a tailor."

"Perhaps you would not object to a merchant tailor?"

"Perhaps I would, though! A tailor's a tailor, and that is all you can make of him."

"Merchant Tailor?" Why not say 'Merchant Shoe-Maker,' or 'Merchant Boot-Block?'

Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Ah, well, Kate," said Aunt Prudence, "you may be thankful if you get an honest, industrious, kind-hearted man for a husband, be he a tailor or a shoe-maker. I've seen many a heart-broken wife in my day, whose husband was not a tailor. It isn't in the calling, child that you must look for honor or excellence."

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